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WASHINGTON COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Flashback

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Volume 40 **Number 3**

PRESERVING THE PAST
FOR THE FUTURE

FEB 02 1990

Preserving the Past for the Future

Flashback

Washington County Historical Society
118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

FLASHBACK is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. Send all material for publication to the Editor at 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701. There is no payment for articles published in FLASHBACK.

We have members in all 50 states. Membership is invited especially to those interested in the preservation of Washington County's history. Dues are discretionary, starting with $10 annually, rising to $150 for a life membership. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received any time for special projects. Members are mailed a FLASHBACK every quarter. Past issues cost $5 each, current year's issues, $4 each.

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By Proclamation
FUTURE HERITAGE DAY

Above; Charles Johnson, Washington County Judge and left; Fred Vorsanger, Fayetteville City Director, with Keith Newhouse, Future Heritage Director at ceremony honoring major donees.
Photographs — Richard Berquist

On May 20, 1990, almost exactly one year after the calamitous day in '89 when a windstorm left our landscaping efforts devastated, we dedicated Future Heritage with proclamations by both Washington County and the City of Fayetteville.

The ceremony, attended by your Board of Directors and those who contributed $500 or more to the project, took place outdoors, the weather permitting a few hours' respite from the wet spring we've been experiencing.

In 1986, when we began the effort to make our landscape more presentable, with some resemblance to Marian Tebbetts Bains' description of her father's home, we thought of it as a year's project. That first year we did

little more than rip up the original brick front walk and lay out the walks around the house, through the gardens, and the brick patio between the smokehouse and storage garage.

Next, we found the water pressure from Washington Street was not enough to support the sprinkler system needed, so we had to tap into a larger line on Dickson Street. We ran into sprinkler system problems and plantings were terribly affected by the drought conditions through 1988 and 1989. The May 22 storm last summer caused damage throughout the grounds. The smokehouse was a major headache; a huge pecan tree having torn off a quarter of the roof and ripped out the northwest foundation corner. That 69-year-old tree also took down several feet of board fence, plus some redbuds and dogwoods.

In front, three magnificent old maples toppled. Their falling caused losses of other smaller trees and shrubs, with more damage to the sprinkler system. Oh, it was a mess! And it took all summer to straighten out. I must add that our insurance adjuster was very fair and prompt with his check which did cover expenses.

With all the rain this spring, it seems strange to complain of drought last fall, but it prevented some tree plantings and caused havoc among some azalea replacements. But all came together for a culmination date of May 20, 1990.

Those who attended the ceremony were unanimously pleased with our results. Our original goal of $100,000 was not reached. We plateaued at $67,000, so we are short in our endowment fund for maintenance. We can only hope for some angel or angels to relieve us of this burden.

We most heartily thank the many who gave money and time to this attractive achievement.

DESKTOP PUBLISHING

It's Coming, We Hope!

On the inside back cover of the February 1990 *FLASHBACK* we announced that we were going to the use of computers to produce our quarterly. We also made a tentative appeal for money and help to acquire the necessary equipment to put in the desktop publishing business. The only acknowledgment of our entreaty came from our long-time friend and member, Mrs. Carl Lang. She suggested we start a fund for the purchase of our needs and most generously pledged $100 ($25 a month for four months) which she has dutifully paid.

Shortly after this plea, our 1930 vintage Addressograph, given to us by the county government in 1976, totally collapsed. We couldn't even get a junk salvage price; we had to pay to part with it before its dead weight pulled the porch-storage room from the main Headquarters House.

As many of our readers know, and all should realize, the Society's business and publishing efforts are all done by volunteers. There is one modestly paid secretary who does a yeoman's job from one to four o'clock, Monday through Friday afternoons: keeping Headquarters House open to visitors, plus doing some correspondence, and record-keeping as her time allows. This is mentioned to give you a reason to help reduce the workload of our stellar workers.

A desktop publishing computer set-up would save us "toilers in the vineyard" a tremendous amount of time. Bookkeeping would be simplified, our membership list would be infinitely easier to keep up to date, our correspondence load would be lightened, and the genealogy records more easily kept.

With all of these pluses, the production of *FLASHBACK* will surely save, in typesetting costs alone,

With all of these pluses, the production of *FLASHBACK* will surely save, in typesetting costs alone, enough to offset the initial expense in a couple of years.

There are those who suggest we could get into computers through a lease arrangement, but your board of directors has wisely vetoed this because we are already straining our budget with the monthly maintenance bills for Ridge House, Headquarters House, and groundskeeping at both places.

We have an ad hoc committee searching out what we need and what will be the best equipment for our needs. It looks like $4,500 will do the job (this includes replacement for our rapidly aging copier).

What a beautifully rounded-out figure! With 900 members, if each of you would just sent $5 in the enclosed envelope, we'd accomplish this without much pain to anyone. Of course, realistically not all will feel the desire to give us this vote of confidence, some simply can't squeeze it out of a tight budget, but others – well, we think some of our enthusiastic supporters will feel as Mrs. Lang did and give most generously. The good Lord knows that if we receive more than $4,500 we can put the overrun into "Future Heritage" (see page 1), or into maintenance / improvements of Headquarters House. In preparing for the "Future Heritage" dedication, we realized that we had to repair the ceiling and walls of the Headquarters House dining room. The ceiling and woodwork of Mr. Tebbetts' library required attention, also. Getting the correct period wallpaper dictated an expensive price, so what we thought would run about $1,000, ran over $2,700!

Just remember, those of you who are so fortunate that you can use the gift as a tax deduction, we are a non-profit organization, so recognized by the IRS.

Recently the Arkansas Tourist and Recreation Board sent a crew throughout Arkansas to film historic places for advertising these attractions to show them on tapes to the

nation. Ridge House and Headquarters House, preserved by your Historical Society, were selected for this honor. As our readers know, *FLASHBACK* has received accolades as a first-rate historical journal innumerable times throughout its many years of publication. We appeal to you all to help us maintain this fine record by updating our tools for doing the job.

Send us your $5.00, or more, today! And we thank you for your support.

Washington County Historical Society

BAZAAR

April 21, 1990 marked your Society's first Bazaar. The date coincided with Fayetteville's Springfest, and was so successful we hope to make this an annual fund-raiser.

The Bank of Fayetteville let us use the old Frisco RR Depot which they own and plan to renovate. It proved to be ideal for traffic, size, and its location on Dickson, the main street attraction.

Claudette Hunnicutt with Ann Thomas, as co-chairperson, did a marvelous job of setting up the displays and pricing the wildly assorted items.

Of course, they got lots of help from members and directors which brings us to another reason for this reporting:

We're asking all members and their friends to help us collect items throughout the year for our next spring Bazaar. We feel that if everyone is alert and ask people who are moving or closing down a home to live in smaller quarters to give their discards to the Society we can have an even more successful sale in Spring of '91.

What kind of items? Well, vintage clothing (that is pre-1955), hats, canes, gloves, fancy dresses, purses, furs and luggage. Items gathering dust in storage areas, toys, baskets, jewelry, glass, silverware, tinware, frames, buttons, lawn and garden equipment. And then let your imagination go – magazines, books, war memorabilia, linens, old lace, costume jewelry, advertising novelties, and just about any oddities to evoke memories.

Mail, send, bring, or call us for delivery arrangements at 501- 521-2970 from one to four o'clock, Monday through Friday afternoons; we will have someone at Headquarters House, 118 East Dickson, Fayetteville. The more expensive items can be listed as tax deductible items from a receipt signed by an officer of the Society. Sorry, we do not, and are not authorized to, do appraisals.

Here's another way to help your Society. Think of us 365 days of the year, think something for the BAZAAR, think WCHS and how you can join in the fun!

Agri Queen and Maids – May 1945

Queen: Mildred Riggs. Maids: Mary Helen Moore, Eve Adams, Betty Teeter, Mary Kennett, Mildred Cash, Pauline Foley, Francis Harrison and Helen Louise King.

U of A AGRICULTURE DAY
75th ANNIVERSARY

Will the seventy-fifth anniversary of Agri Day cause a reappearance of Big Boy's gigantic white footprints on the sidewalks of Fayetteville? Symbolizing the barefoot country boy coming to the campus to learn improved agriculture, the footprints led from students' residences and the Dean's house through town to the center of campus to announce the beginning of Agri Day. This annual celebration of agriculture and home economics has evolved over the years, but it still remains the highlight of the College year and of the students' cooperative efforts.

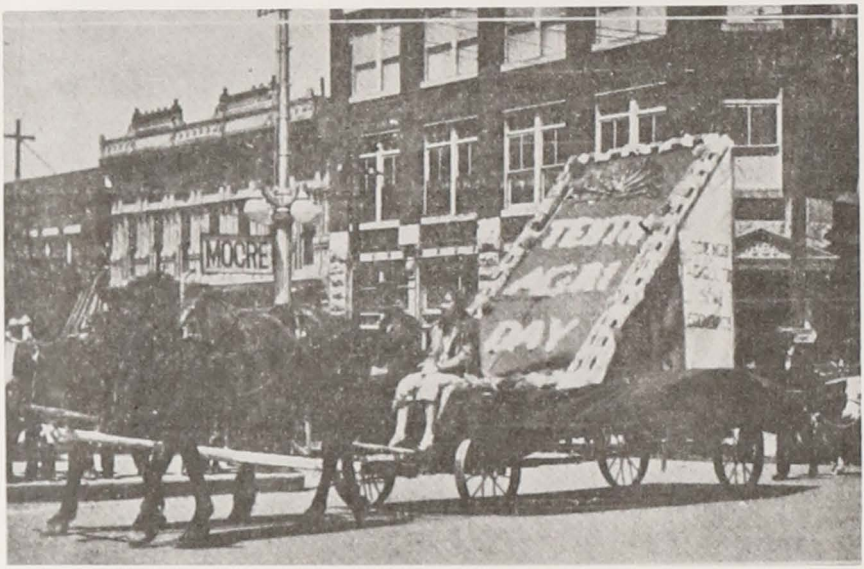
In the fall of 1915, the students and faculty held a Harvest Festival to dignify the College of Agriculture on

campus, to promote better agriculture, and to advertise the college throughout the state. The parade was the main attraction, with mule drawn floats entered by the various departments of the school. Lack of funds prevented a parade the following year, bur a barnwarming dance with the women wearing gingham dresses and the men overalls and bandannas was introduced and became a tradition. A barn atmosphere was created with shocks of fodder stacked around the orchestra, corn and pumpkins scattered about, and live roosters sitting in the windows to add noise and merriment.

The Home Economics women kept the festival alive during the war years with departmental exhibits and a carnival featuring a ball throwing game with the Kaiser as the target. With the return of the men to the campus in 1919, the parade was revived and presided over by the first Agri queen. Following the morning parade, the home economics women prepared a luncheon for 300 students and faculty in a foods laboratory fitted for 20 students. Wooden shingles were used as trays.

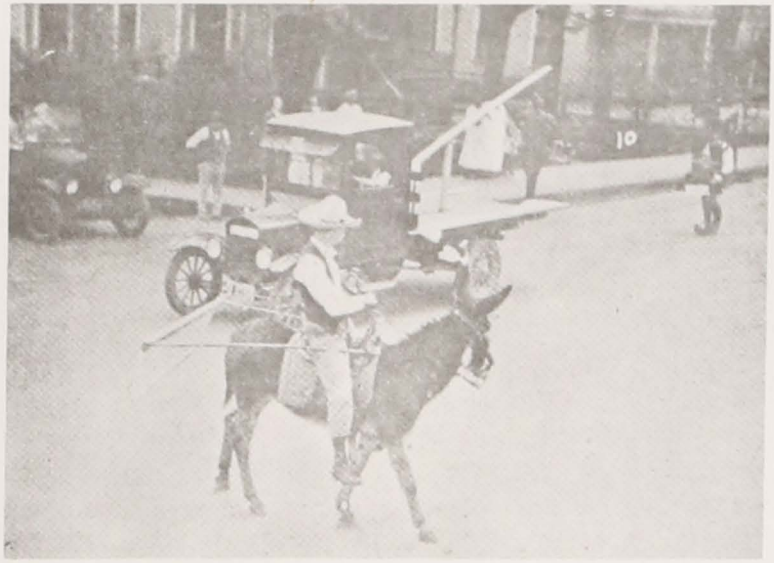
In 1920, the last Friday in April was proclaimed Agri Day and became a school holiday for students in the college. The parades grew larger during the twenties; 50 floats depicting advances in agriculture and home economics as well as takeoff floats poking fun at other colleges and professors were drawn through Fayetteville in 1927. This was the period of the operating manure spreader float with its label, "University Broadcasting System." Rivalry was keen with the Engineering College and also with Law; by 1938, the manure spreader's caption read "The Engineers Made It, The Lawyers Use It." The Engineers reportedly caused difficulties for the 1925 Agri Day by announcing that the parade had been postponed and then throwing eggs at it, and by twice turning out the lights and releasing an obnoxious odor at the dance. Also part of the festivities in the twenties was the Agri Day show, which featured student talent in skits and spoofs and

ran yearly, often with matinee and evening performances, from 1922-1939.



Tenth Agri Day Float, 1925

The parade, Agri Show, and the dance, with the Agri Day Association manager and queen passing under an arch of pitchforks to lead the grand march, remained staples of Agri Day in the thirties. Special emphasis was placed on the exhibits. Arkansas agriculture products from all sections of the state were featured in 19 exhibits both on campus and in town in 1937. Local merchants donated store windows for exhibits and donned overalls and red handkerchiefs in support of Agri Day. An afternoon livestock show at the University farm became part of the festivities in 1936, and rodeo events of steer riding, wild cow milking, and rooster catching were added by the end of the decade. The 1938 parade was memorable for its serious floats depicting progress on agriculture, but also for its take off floats. The Engineers were humiliated by a few brave Agris with a float entitled "Irish Mail." Mocking the engineer's miniature locomotive which failed to run



Jerry McCreary on His Ass, May 1926

was a piece of modern farm machinery pulling an old fashioned locomotive. The lawyers were mocked by a float with a convict sitting on a rock pile entitled "I Put my Trust in a Lawyer." The Chemistry Department was represented as a useless institution now that prohibition had been repealed. The old home brew jars and stills on the float were shown gathering cobwebs. As the decade closed, a debate began on whether to replace the traditional overalls and gingham dresses with formal wear for the Agri dance. Students asked, "Are we ridiculing or symbolizing the farmer by such dress?"

World War II altered Agri Day and again brought women to the fore. Enrollment in the College stood at 541 students in the Fall of 1939; by Fall 1943, it was 129, of whom only 28 were men. The parade, exhibits, livestock show, and rodeo were suspended by 1943 due to lack of materials and manpower. The annual "Bigger and Better" Agri Day theme was replaced by a dedication of the day to Agris serving in the military. With the ladies in charge, the

whitewashed footprints of Big Boy leading to the Agri Day festivities appeared in 1943 with red toenails. The day began with the Convocation in the student union, where the queen was crowned by President Harding attired in overalls, the Who's Who seniors were announced, and Romeo E. Short, President of Arkansas Farm Bureau Federation delivered the Convocation address. At 11:00 a.m., horse drawn wagons necessitated by gasoline shortages carried hungry Agri to the farm, where the home economics women worked around the food rationing to prepare a picnic lunch. Horseshoes and softball games kept faculty and students entertained for the afternoon. For the first time, the Agri Day dance was open to the community so long as the overall/gingham tradition was observed. The following year, 1944, a movie "Destination Tokyo" was added in the afternoon, and soldiers stationed on campus and men, but not women, from other colleges were invited to the Agri dance.

By 1948, with men back on campus, the rivalry with the Engineers, who insisted on painting green shamrocks over Big Boy's whitewashed footprints, was revived. A more festive spirit returned to Agri Day. The Convocation with its coronation of the queen and recognition of outstanding AG and HOEC students remained as did the picnic and dance. Also, the exhibits, livestock show and rodeo were resumed. The parade, the highlight of so many past Agri Days, was permanently lost. A new tradition began in 1949 when several surprised professors showed up at the barbecue picnic in neckties, which were promptly clipped by overalled Agris.

A decision by the University Administration that college days - such as Agri Day - could no longer be a class holiday and had to be held on Saturday brought grumblings from students in the early 50's. It did make easier, however, the inclusion of outstanding high school students in the activities, which provided a recruiting opportunity. the highlight of the 1950 exhibits was the

Animal Industry Department's 3 day old cockerel crowing at the top of his lungs. He had been inoculated with a male hormone used in departmental experiments. And the rodeo of that year included a bronco busting contest for the first time along with steer riding and a rope spinning exhibition. In 1952, the Engineers challenged the Agris to a tug of war: 12 to 16 men per team with a weight limit of 2000 pounds. The Agris trounced the Engineers for the next eight years, which helped make up for the Livestock judging exhibition where 10 prize heifers were exhibited with green faces. A square dance on Friday night kicked off the 1956 Agri Day, which continued with a Saturday breakfast honoring seniors in the college. Convocation followed, where the queen was crowned and outstanding freshman and sophomore judging awards, senior keys, and Who's Who certificates were presented. After viewing the exhibits, 800 people showed up at Agri Park for the noon barbecue followed by the tug of war, queen's cow milking contest, a bigger and better rodeo with new events, clowns and bull fighters and, finally, the Agri Day Ball. In honor of Agri Day, the April 27, 1956 Arkansas Traveler was printed in red ink.

Agri Day 1960 introduced the Ag and HE banquet, which replaced the now sparsely attended senior breakfast and convocation, and has been a tradition for the past 30 years. Departmental exhibits were moved to a university wide recruiting weekend and began to decline in creativity and importance. And overalls and gingham dresses were no longer required to get in to the Agri Ball. As the 60's progressed, the events of Agri Day were spread over several days. Always included were the tug of war with the Engineers, the Queen's cow milking contest, a chicken barbecue which often attracted a thousand people, the banquet, dance, and increasingly important, the Saturday afternoon rodeo.

"Bigger and Better Agri Days" Characterized the 1970's. By the end of the decade, the celebration extended to a

week, with an event taking place each day. Displays of animals and farm machinery around the Ag and HE buildings were followed the next day by booth displays by the clubs in the union. Competition between the clubs in volleyball, softball, a college tug of war and various relays culminated in an evening fish fry enjoyed by faculty and staff families as well as students. The white footprints of the Big Agri disappeared around campus as did the tug of war with the Engineers, and changing tastes and a concern for safety turned the rodeo into the Showdeo. A barbecue chicken dinner at the fairgrounds began Showdeo festivities, which had the AG and HOEC clubs competing in cow chip throwing contests, greased pig chasing, pig sacking, and hay stacking; had faculty and staff dressing sheep in outlandish outfits; and had the queen candidates competing in a wild cow milking contest. The awards banquet, which honored both outstanding students and an outstanding club, and the now formal Agri dance topped a busy week.

The changing composition of the student body in the college of Agriculture and Home Economics, with its increasing enrollment of females and decline of students with a farm background, generated changes in the 1980's Agri week celebrations. The popular Showdeo and agricultural exhibits and displays were gone by the mid-1980's, and more emphasis has been placed on academics with the Agricultural Business Club's Agricultural Issues Symposium and the banquet with its recognition of students' academic achievement and leadership. The fun has continued, however, in the not too edifying Princess Pageant. Activities Day, this year called the Roundup, with club competition in games and relays remains strong - this year hog calling, pig kissing and chicken bingo were added to the events. And as the decade of the 90's opens, old traditions are being revived - for the first time since 1939, the Agri Day Variety Show took place on April 25th. And the Agri Dance, which

followed the banquet, continued a tradition begun in 1919 and was presided over by the new 1990-91 Agriculture and Home Economics queen.

First Place Float, 1937

Appleblossom Time with the Clothing Princess. Girls arranged charmingly in gorgeous colored formals rode the arch decorated float. Sign reads "Clothing – First In the Heart of the Nation."

Ads in The Arkansas Agriculturist, *1926*

MATILDA'S
The Small Smart Shop
Minx Modes Exclusive Here
Phone 335 West Side Square

Student Cleaners
DRESES 35c—SUITS 25c
PANTS 15c
414 W. Dickson Phone 1254

TIRES
Plenty of Grade 3 Tires
Without Certificates
600x16
550x17
and other popular sizes. Also
NEW AND USED TRUCK
TIRES AND TUBES
Complete Line of New and
Used Wheels
Mid-West Tire Mart
407 WEST DICKSON

THE YELLOW TICKET

To Kappa Ki Kamp on War Eagle

1915

Editor's Comment: *Mrs. Helen Edmiston, a long-time resident of Fayetteville, graciously let us publish the following about the Kappa Ki Kampers, a group of students and alumni of the University of Arkansas. Helen's mother, Martha Harris, is listed in the roll call as are her sisters Eutha and Hadley Harris. We are sure that the names recalled and the adventures recorded will provoke fond memories for lots of folks hereabouts. Obviously, the pleasures experienced did not go on forever, as resolved in "The Yellow Ticket's" foreword.*

Foreword

We, the Kappa Ki Kampers of 1915, students and alumni of the University of Arkansas, after three years of successful annual Kamps on War Eagle, all of which have proved novel experiences of pleasure; being of the same mind, do hereby declare and testify that they are the best two weeks ever spent, and resolve the continuance thereof forever!!!

ROLL CALL K. K. K.'S, 1915

Mrs. B. N. "Ma" Wilson, Chaperone
Catherine "Lamb" Wilson, Mascot
Osborn, Camp Chef

Wm. J. Hamilton
Llod Parsons
Clyde Tidwell
Scott Hamilton
Roy Stockburger
Norman McCartney
George Willey

Wm. Roe Brewster
Tannen Hollenburg
Marice Cochran
Linnie Ruth Mullins
Letha Izard
Martha Harris
Nan Brewster

Lillian Lawson
Carrie Arnold
Isabelle McCartney
Marguerite Willis
Louise McDonald
Eutha Harris

PAST CAMPERS, 1913-14

A.C. Hamilton, Jr.
Geo. Browning Downs
Carl Tromble
William Bransford
Pat Humphrey
E.U. Stevenson

B.N. Wilson
Francis Wilson
Hallie DeVaney
Virginia Hall
Anne Sleuter
Hadley Harris

Mildred Fort
Reba Alesander
Ruth McCartney
Julia Williams

KAPPA KI KAMPERS ON WAR EAGLE

At midnight Tuesday the eighth, 'mid cheers from many girlish voices, the advance wagon of the Kappa Ki Kampers left for War Eagle Creek to prepare the camping ground for the Third Annual Ten Day Camp of this organization.

Lloyd Parsons, Scott Hamilton, Clyde Tidwell, William Roe Brewster, and George Willey accompanied this first wagon, having been selected on account of their proficiency in the selection of camping grounds and erection of tents, hammocks, and swings.

Roy Stockberger and his side partner, Norman McCartney, left in the wee hours of Wednesday morn aboard the renowned "Fordabout." They left late in order that they could pick up any boys who might have fallen asleep, and incidentally off, the advance wagon.

'Twas well they did, for about three miles out of Springdale the left front wheel of Bob's wagon tired of the strain, and took a spin all by itself, precipitating most of the sleepy boys into the road.

Arriving War Eagle about noon Wednesday, the boys selected a high commanding knoll, beautifully covered with oak, paw paw, birch and willows. They erected the tents, three for the girls and chaperone, four for the boys, and one for the chef and the commissary. From the front of each tent could be seen the gleaming waters of romantic War Eagle. To complete their already well performed task they then built that which was destined to be the most popular place of all, the "eats table."

When the Thursday morning north bound Frisco train pulled out of Fayetteville, it had aboard the most interesting bunch of feminine campers that ever trod a Pullman carpet. Arriving at Springdale, Eutha Harris, Nan Brewster, Carrie Arnold, Martha Harris, Letha Izard, Marguerite Willis, Louise McDonald, Isabelle McCartney,

and our Mascot, Catherine "Lamb" Wilson, all piled in a long wagon that had come from Fayetteville to take them miles back into mountains to the camping ground.

Mrs. B. N. "Ma" Wilson, Chaperone, and Lillian Lawson were fortunate enough to get a ride to camp in the "Fordabout," Roy having run in from camp in order to make a hit with the chaperone and his girl.

William Hamilton, who had left Fayetteville at five o'clock that morning, towing his canoe on a trailer behind the "Turley Special" arrived in time to meet Linnie Ruth Mullins, and they, after trying out several routes, soon led the crowd into camp.

All arrived at camp by noon in good spirits and with appetites that made Osborn grin from ear to ear.

Word was soon passed around that "Yellow Tickets" were on sale at the Chaperone's tent, price ten cents. They read as follows:

KAPPA KI KAMP, WAR EAGLE
This Entitles the Holder to Sit a Little Closer
(Signed) "MA" WILSON, Chaperone

Soon every boy had made a purchase, and was ready to test the validity of his ticket.

All were anxious to take their first swim, and soon the river was alive with girls and boys, who having dolled up the most fashionable bathing suits, were now enjoying themselves by diving, floating, and swimming. These later lined the bank to watch the boat race between Lloyd with his skiff and Evinrude motor, and Roy and Bill in the Detroit canoe, named "Yellow Ticket." Bets were made, and many were surprised to see the canoe bring home the money.

The majority of the crown spent the evening around the camp fire, playing cards and telling stories, while Linnie

Ruth, Nan, Bill and Scott took the "Yellow Ticket" up the river for a frog hunt. The frog-legs served for Friday breakfast testified to their expertness as frog shiners.

This was the morning "Ma," Eutha, and Scott made the high dive in the mud, "Ma" winning by a good margin. (Mud caused by light [?] rain that morning." The couple in the "Fordabout" shook hands with themselves for passing up the ride with Scott.

Saturday the crowd took advantage of the beautiful weather to climb the mountain, so that they could get a better view of Roy and Mike as they shot the rapids in the canoe, and incidentally overturned. They thought it better than a Keystone.

That evening about dusk, Linnie Ruth, Marguerite, Nan, Wm. Roe, Scott, and Bill start for the beautiful spring across the river. After being ferried over in the "Yellow Ticket" they enjoy the pleasure of crossing six streams and climbing four fences before reaching the spring. Filling the buckets to the brim with spring water, and with electric glow to guide them, they traverse the path back to the river. Here, seated on the rocks, appeasing their appetites with a box of Nunnelly's Best, they are found by Carrie, Lillian, Mike, and Roy who have just returned from a successful (?) frog hunt. After singing many Southern melodies, and for a change, "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield," they answer "Ma's" curfew and return to camp.

A very appropriate stunt was pulled off Sunday morning, when Marguerite Willis and William Roe Brewster were the principal characters in a mock wedding. They were assisted by the rest of the campers in the roles of Maid of Honor, Matron of Honor, Best Man, Maids, Groomsmen, Ringbearer, Choir, and Preacher. When in the midst of the ceremony a heavy rain made the preacher hunt for cover, leaving the prospective bride and groom with naught else to do but sing "There Were We Waiting at the Church."

We were pleasantly surprised that afternoon by the arrival of Dr. Richardson and "Pa" Wilson, who had motored out to spend a few hours with us.

Monday all the girls, and especially Louise, "dolled up" to greet one of our belated guests, Tannen Hollenberg, who thoughtfully brought his pistol along in order to help Bill entertain the girl.

Louise, Carrie, and Isabelle take lessons on how to paddle a canoe, while Clyde Tidwell presides at a "Fault Meeting." Nan and Scott "procure" a chicken, and later advise us on "the art of broiling a broiler." George, Lloyd, and Tannen discuss the advisability of building a pontoon bridge, so that in case the river rose much higher our retreat would be easy. Eutha, Martha, Lillian, and Linnie Ruth tackle the swollen river and find that swimming down stream is much easier than against the current. William Roe and Marguerite progressing beautifully. Clyde and Martha appear regularly for meals.

Tuesday the following invitations were received by the different couples:

Miss Linnie Ruth Mullins and Mr. William Hamilton
request your presence at Bar Rock, below camp
Please bring blanket, plate, cup, and spoon
Tuesday afternoon, four-thirty o'clock

Excitement was intense, and long before the specified time, couples could be seen making their way toward Bar Rock, and soon all were gathered there on their blankets. Osborn then served cake and grape sherbet that had come twenty-five miles over the mountains for this special occasion. Needless to say, it disappeared quickly.

The sun broke through the clouds Wednesday, and

while the boys were getting driftwood for the fire, the girls left for the large spring across the river, ostentatiously to wash out a "middie" or so. Linnie Ruth and Lillian say "the farmer walked right up and turned around a walked right back again."

Later in the day some one called "Get your partners for the Tucker"!!! Then began one grand round of pleasure. After all the boys had been "Tucker," and each had swung his sweetheart, and bowed to the prettiest girl in the circle, Louise and Bill led an old time "Virginia Reel." After all had had a chance to "Dos-a-dos" we thought it advisable to "turn in," for the next day was to be a strenuous one indeed.

Thursday morning after making away with seventeen pound of fish, caught (?) by Bill for breakfast, the bunch trailed after Lloyd and Letha, who claimed to know a short cut over the mountains to the famous Natural Sidewalk. 'Twas a lucky boy who had a light- weight girl, for "the fords were many and the waters deep." Carrie and Louise display considerable "pep" while covering the seven miles incident to the journey's end. All are wondering if Lloyd stalled us about the distance, or whether his girl had made the former trip so pleasant that he really thought it was only two and one-half miles ! ! ! The following song tells what we think about the distance:

(Tune "It's a Long Way to Tipperary")
It's a long way to Natural Sidewalk,
It's a long way from Kamp,
It's a long way to Natural Sidewalk,
And your feet they may get damp.
Farewell Kappa Ki Kamp,
Goodby Osborn's fare,
It's a long, long way to Natural Sidewalk,
But the Chickens right there.

After viewing the Natural Sidewalk, made by the current at hightide, the boys went on a foraging expedition.

They soon returned with eggs, chickens, freshly made cornbread, huckleberries, and watercress, the latter to be credited to Isabell's thoughtfulness. The boys skinned and dressed the chickens, the girls stuck them on long poles, roasting them, and incidentally themselves, over the coals, prepared for them by our superior fireman, George Willey. The eggs were hard boiled, and after being halved were artistically arranged in the watercress by Lillian, making a dish fit for a king. We then sat down to do justice to a regular Harvey House meal.

Not wishing to take another seven mile jaunt, inquiries were made and a shorter path discovered. Several times enroute back to camp, we expressed our sympathy for Lloyd and Letha, whom we had left at the sidewalk roasting their second chicken. We felt that they would have a long trip back and possibly get lost, when, lo and behold; we arrived at camp to find that they had not only beaten us back, but had already taken a swim.

For supper we were served half a chicken each, a treat from Tannen, who was to leave us on the morrow.

Friday morning saw the departure of Tannen, who after bidding us a fond farewell, boarded the "Fordabout" with Roy and Lillian for Springdale. Boxes of chocolate candy and a large sack of lemons were sent the campers by Tannen as a remembrance.

This was the last night in camp, and couples could be seen strolling in the moonlight, however, never far from camp, for the mysterious invitation of the girls to meet them at Camp Comfort at midnight, told us there was something "in the air."

Linnie Ruth, Lillian, Roy, and Bill went for a last go-round with the bullfrogs, and arrived back at camp just in time to head the parade for the party given by the girls and "Ma." We were ushered to an open space between the tents where the girls had built a miniature camp with tents, trees, fire, and clothes-line with "wash" out. We all

marched around the replica of our own camp singing:

(Tune, "Stein Song," from Prince of Pilson)
Here's to the camp we love so well,
Here's to War Eagle blue,
To the chaperone who will never tell,
Here's to the chigger too.
Oh Kappa Ki we're strong for you,
And ticket of yellow hue,
Get up closer, me and you,
Here's to the Kampers true ! ! !

We were requested to take seats on the blankets that had been set apart for each couple, we were then served ice tea with mint, chicken sandwiches, olives and pickles. After this bounteous feast provided by the girls as a surprise for the boys, there was music by the girls' trio, Martha, Eutha, and Isabelle, a reading by Marguerite, several songs by the male quartet, Roy, William Roe, Mike, and Clyde, and incidentally some sidelights by our Keystone artists, Roy and Mike.

Turning from pleasure to business, we decided on next year's officers. George Willey was elected Camp Manager, with Scott Hamilton as First Assistant; Isabelle McCartney, Secretary; "Ma" and "Pa" Wilson were re-elected Chaperones; Bill Hamilton Camp Historian and Society Editor; Catherine "Lamb" Wilson, Mascot; and Osborn, Camp Chef.

After the girls had retired, and as this was the last night, the boys decided to raid the pantry for onion sandwiches, and have a last game of bridge. It lasted till daybreak, this game, then they all swiped a little sleep. A grand old game, bridge is ! ! !

It was awfully hard to tear down the tents, and pack up the many things that we had enjoyed for the past ten days, but "it must be did." The wagons had come the night before, and after taking a last glance at the "old swimming

hole" we piled into the wagons, "Fordabout," and "Turley Special" and wended our way sadly toward Springdale where we, after consoling ourselves with ice cream sodas, took the Southbound Frisco for home.

"All off for Fayetteville," brought us to the realization that our camping days were at an end. Before scattering to our various homes we gathered in a group at the station and sang for the last time our old song, "Camping Days."

(Tune, "College Days")

O, camping days, dear camping days,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still our hearts, with memory clings,
To those camping days of long ago.

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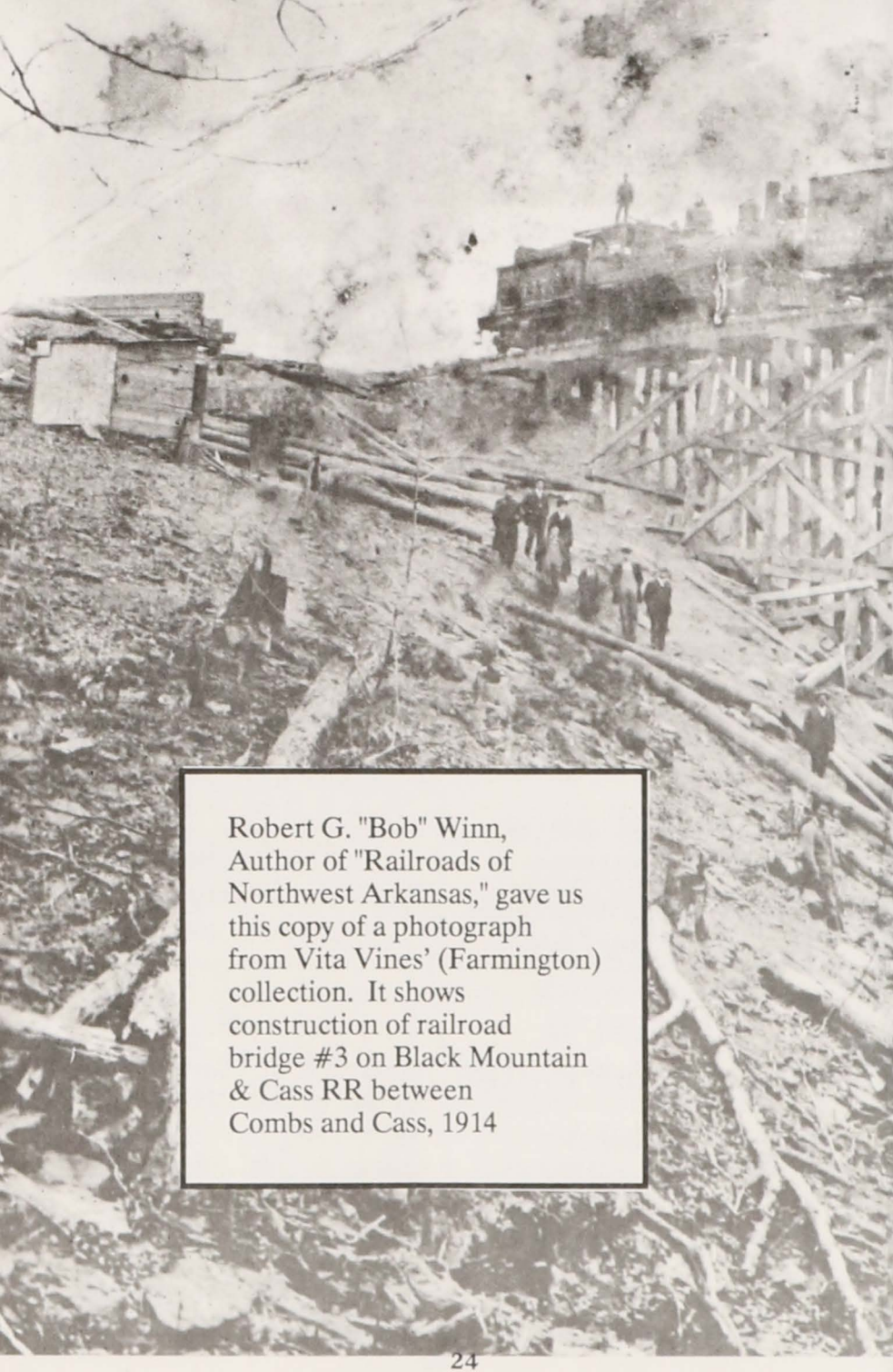


Robert G. "Bob" Winn, Author of "Railroads of Northwest Arkansas," gave us this copy of a photograph from Vita Vines' (Farmington) collection. It shows construction of railroad bridge #3 on Black Mountain & Cass RR between Combs and Cass, 1914

ONE ORPHAN'S ODDYSSEY

Robert Edward Lee Maddox's Story

(Story Continued from May, 1990 Issue)

I was at the station seven nights a week, with Sundays off, except to feed and water the old horse I used. I started to work for Mr. Haswell the first of April and stayed until the middle of July; made $52.50 hanging on to $45.00 when the job ended.

When I finished the Haswell job, a fellow by the name of John Redrick was making up a railroad gang to repair and rebuild the railroad's right-of-way fences. By verbal application I had no trouble hiring on. The gang consisted of many young fellows I knew, most would be called kids. We had a flat car for tools, but had to make our own arrangements for room and board in the nearest town.

We began at Brightwater, six or seven miles south of Garfield, and worked north into the south limits of Monette, Missouri. We were classed at skilled labor to be paid about $2.40 per eight hour day six days a week with room and board averaging $5.00 a week. A good job for those days.

I fell into digging post holes with a hand digger. I personally dug every post hole on the east side of the right-of-way from Brightwater to Monette. Off the job we played pitch, we sang, we danced and, occasionally, we attended church.

Back in Winslow, after loafing for a few days I picked up a job with Peerson and Rogan delivering groceries in a two-horse hack with a team of bay ponies prone to run away at the drop of a hat. I just didn't let them get away from me.

As a little boy I had little except the bare necessities. So when I began to earn by own money I bought clothes to

Mountain Home, Winslow, Arkansas

please myself. A current fad in Winslow was to wear a white shirt, white striped overalls, high-button tan shoes, and always a tie. A straw hat (sailor) was essential in summer. A cap of some sort in the winter. This get-up was for loafing around town. The shirts were made without a collar, so collars were attached by two collar buttons, a real short one in the middle at the back and a longer one in the front. The collars were made of linen (the old celluloid collars went out of style before my time). I kept my clothes clean, by sending the collars to a laundry and having a local woman do what was left. Suits were for dress up. I spent freely for my clothes. $25.00 was an above average price for a suit which included two pair of pants, plus a vest. One time I went to Fayetteville to buy two crepe de chine shirts and paid twenty- five dollars for the two. That was mighty high!

A moving picture was shown once a week, brought to a town by a fellow who visited all the towns along the railroad. A movie was shown one night every week, but on Saturdays and Sundays there were matinees. Overland circuses stayed in town from three days to a week. They

were my favorite entertainment. I attended every performance. As automobiles became available, we'd gather four to six friends to drive to Fayetteville for some road show. The trip took about three hours by driving a car. Return trips from Fayetteville by car took all hours. One time we spent the night in a school bus because of car trouble. We simply had to wait for daylight in order to get help for repairs.

Washington County Fair was a big event that was eagerly looked for each year. It always meant a Fayetteville train trip. We'd catch the early morning train and return on the late train to Winslow around 11:00 p.m. The Frisco R.R. ran an hourly schedule from it's station in Fayetteville out to the fair grounds, and to full capacity on every run. Young folks from Winslow did the fair at least once and many went every day it was open. The carnival atmosphere with its rides, shows and games proved irresistible, and we thrived on hamburgers and soda pop.

On one occasion, Ethel and Lyda Winn, Austin Yoes and I were appointed delegates from the Methodist Church, Winslow, to a Sunday convention at Centerton. We spent two days and a night, involving a round trip on the train. The local members of the community furnished our meals and lodging. Meals were at the church except for one breakfast. That memorable meal was given us by the family in whose home we slept.

Austin and I were with a farm family a short distance from town. While upstairs preparing for bed, we got to figuring out what to reply if the man of the house asked one of us to say grace next morning. Neither of us had done any praying in public. The prospect bothered us very much. But, I was inspired. I told Austin that I knew exactly what I'd recite if I was chosen for the honor. Of course, he wanted me to confide in him, but I wouldn't say. He begged and pleaded with me. I simply replied, "It won't work for you." That he could <u>not</u> understand.

Come morning, we eased into the dining room. Austin managed to make me sit at the head of the table while he sat to one side. With a sigh of relief he settled in glancing sideways at me a sly smile on his face. Our host looked the length of the table and solemnly stated, "Bro. Maddox will you ask the blessing?"

With not a moments' hesitation I nodded at Austin, "Brother Yoes will gladly say grace." Well, Austin wilted. His self- satisfying expression vanished. He looked like he wanted to crawl in a hole. A deafening silence followed as we all bowed our heads. After clearing his throat several times, he mumbled something no one could understand and we ate.

Boston Heights, Helen Dunlap School, Winslow

I was actually ashamed of myself, but I never let him know. He told me my inspiration was from the devil, and was one dirty trick. We were good friends of long-standing, but I'm sure he never quite forgave me.

I guess the biggest affair in which I had a part was the wedding of Dick Page and Dora Stephens on June 6, 1915.

The Episcopal Church went all out to put on an uptown wedding. There was a maid of honor with four attendants, plus a best man with four groomsmen. I was a groomsman. We rehearsed for at least a week until we could do the hesitation double-step to Mendelssohn's Wedding March backward or forward. What fun!!

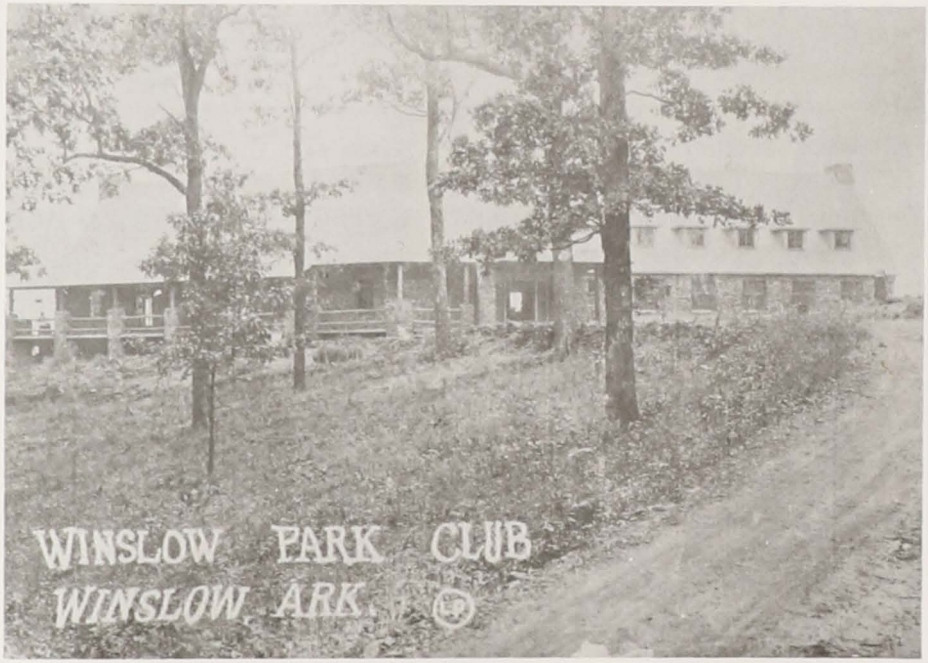
The wedding proceeded without a bobble. Mrs. Maud Duncan threw a splendid reception at her home which was just across the street. A carpet of white muslin was laid from the church to Mrs. Duncan's front door. The whole wedding party traipsed the distance without ever touching the ground! Gifts were presented at the reception. Cake and punch were the innocent refreshments. By some mysterious slip-up, the punch got spiked making the party more lively. That night a big dance was held to honor them. I went on until the wee hours of the morning. That soiree' was the event of a lifetime for Winslow. Nothing before or since to equal it!

We had many parties, though. The T. W. M. Boone home was one of our favorite places. The Boones had two girls and a boy, Louise, Margaret and Miles. Mrs. Boone was one fine hostess and loved to entertain. Old Alvis Centers often said, "They sure know how to treat you nice, whether you know how to treat them nice back, or not." Their summer home was a large one-story frame house with a wide screened-in porch encircling. A huge hallway ran through its center. A perfect set-up for dancing. We made wondrous use of it during the summer. The Boones were from Fort Smith where Mr. Boone was a banker.

There were many parties at the South View Inn, the Summit hotel, and the Hill Crest. All were considered summer hotels, but we found use for them year 'round. Several families opened their homes to us young people. It was all good, clean association with no drinking, no rowdiness, and no bad language. Young folks then were "square" enough to strive for good character and an

honorable reputation.

Before WW I we organized a town band. Clarence Lindsey, who lived in West Fork, visited Winslow. He organized the band and was automatically its director. Lindsey came to Winslow once a week to direct band practice. During the week horns could be heard everywhere, echoing from mountain to hilltop and back again. In a few days we managed pieces like "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "Maryland, My Maryland". It was a slow process for most members had no training. First they had to learn do-re-mi, then how to perform on the instrument they were attempting. In due time we were playing concerts of a sort on the streets, at the school house, on the Fourth of July picnics and other occasions. Later we traveled to the county fair at Fayetteville performing in its grandstand for horse races, foot races, etc. Thus began my musical career, which closed with my discharge from Uncle Sam's army.



Winslow has always been a sandlot baseball town. As far back as I can remember, we had a baseball team. When I became big enough, I was right in the middle of it all. I worked ever position from catcher to right fielder, finally ending up as an umpire. Umpiring came to me when my right hand showed up in my catcher's mitt ahead of the ball. The horsehide hit my little finger smack on its very end to stove it up. That poor finger finally healed but was crooked for two or three years. Later I was helping Bill Barnett rebuild Aunt Syb Kelton's house and banged the same, sad, misshapened finger. This time it straightened out! Oh, how sore and painful it was! When it finally quit hurting, it was straight!

As for playing baseball, we loved the game. We matched teams with Mountainburg, Rudy, and on up to Fayetteville, with a game 'most every Saturday from early spring to late fall. It was mostly friendly competition but every once in a while a real rhubarb would erupt, equaling any big league fuss you ever saw. The only difference was that you couldn't throw a player out of our game. If any of those players made the big leagues, I never heard tell.

As we grew older, we'd arrange chicken roasts which were nothing to brag about, but we did them with no shame. Let me explain. Once we took Rose Sample with us. Rose was an old maid in her forties who ran the Mountain Hotel. She'd let us know numerous times she loved a chicken roast. We kept putting her off, but finally decided to include her.

As usual, we congregated at the depot. Rose arrived with bells on, a 'rarin' to go. Her first question, "Where 're the chickens?" We all laughed, but assured her the chickens would show up. We lit out for Mountain Lodge Holler on foot, 'bout a dozen boys accompanied by Rose. Claude Conklin and I soon dropped behind to dash up the hill to Rose's chicken coop where we came into possession of a half dozen nice fryers rejoining our group before we

were missed. Rose wondered all evening where the main course came from. We finally told her. She was hacked but took it like the good sport she was.

Rose was a great friend to all of us boys. She helped us with our kid problems and would go all out on most serious things. I owed for eight months room and board once while I was working on an oil well. My contractor had to reach a certain depth before he could draw any money for the job. When payday did come, everybody was rich, including Rose.

THE WINSLOW AMERICAN

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Office: South View Place, corner Highway and Church Street

Mrs. Maud Duncan, Publisher

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ADVERTISING RATES

Per line, ten cents.
Display 35 cents per inch.
Card of Thanks, 25 cents

Entered as second-class matter May 25, 1928, at the post office at Winslow, Ark., under act of March 3, 1879.

The American was originally entered as second class matter Sept. 21, 1908.

Maddox Checked In as Postmaster

R. L. Maddox was checked in as postmaster at Winslow on Wednesday. Miss Vada Sebourn is assistant postmaster.

Winslow School Board Meets in Fayetteville Tonight; Building Bids to Be Opened

Bids will be opened this (Friday) evening on construction of the new school building.

The Winslow school board will hold a meeting in Fayetteville tonight, in the office of Jas, Dinwiddie, architect, who designed the building. Bids are being received both by the secretary of the local board and at the architect's office. The contract will be let, and construction started immediately.

Plans for the building were received from the state board of education, building department, the first of the week.

Since the last election, and reorganization of the school board, R. L. Maddox is president of the board and Clint Shock, secretary.

The above, plus others following, are news items and ads about Maddox during his Winslow days.

Before long I was on another railroad job with a gang widening the cuts over the mountains from Chester to Brentwood. We'd blast the bluffs off using dynamite, then roll the rubble down the hill. The foreman was Old Dan Murphy. Most folks thought he was hard to work for, but he really wasn't. He didn't like wasted energy. He wanted every lick to count. And he'd go all out to help his crew. One example: we blasted a big boulder off one bluff onto the track. It must have weighed two ton. After sending a flagman in each direction up and down the track, he got the whole bunch of us around that rock with crowbars. He placed every bar exactly where he wanted it, so each had maximum leverage, being careful to avoid slipping. When everything was just right, each man came down on his bar at the same time. Mr. Murphy checked its new position and we followed the same procedure. On the third lifting that boulder went rolling down the hill and over the bluff below. The job was done. Not a man lifted more than he should have, and no one got hurt.

Kodak Finishing Magazines

Candies Cigars & Cigarettes

Old Dan wouldn't allow wasted time. In those days most cigarettes were hand rolled, and to smoke a pipe one had to stop, fill and light it, so. . . no smoking on the job!

There was much handwork. We drilled the shot holes using a hand drill and striking a hammer. Our tools were picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. I accidentally hit Bigfoot Smith in the head with a striking hammer. I got out of sync with his drill turning, caught my lick, but in so doing, the hammer swung around and hit him in the head. He stopped for a few minutes then went back to holding the drill for my striking. He said accidents will happen, claimed he'd rather work with me than any one else, even if I tried to kill him.

My next railroad job was a little farther from home, working for the M. O. & G., out of Muskogee, Oklahoma. We worked south out of Muskogee repairing bridges that were worn, old, broken-down or washed-out. It was the toughest job I ever had. Several older and well-seasoned men quit before I did. In the fall of that year it rained buckets, bringing on high water which caused many washouts. We'd be on call at any hour, have to ride 50 or 75 miles to the weakened spot, then work 'round the clock. It could be three or four days before we returned to our outfit. We slaved night and day, in cold and rain, under absolutely miserable conditions. No wonder they couldn't keep men on the job. I gave up after a couple of months.

In spite of the situations, the guys were always joking and playing pranks. One day our foreman sent me back to the tool car to fetch a dollybar. Well, as I had never heard of a dollybar, I thought, "This is a joke." I knew about sending a green hand to get a skyhook, a left-handed monkey wrench, and so on. I decided to turn the joke around. I did go to the tool car all right, but just fooled around there, talking to the cook, and killed time. In due course, along came one of the fellows wanting to know what took me so long. I told him what I thought. He got a big kick out of it. He picked up a dollybar and back we went. Oh, boy, they carried me high!! I had shown my ignorance! I never did live it down.

Back in Winslow again, I loaded logs, went into the woods and cut timber, clerked in the stores. I briefly loaded railroad ties. That is a MAN'S job. The littlest cross-tie weighs about 200 pounds. Remember, I weighed 125 pounds soaking wet. Here's how the job went: there would be a crew of eight or more men, two of whom were boosters. The boosters would pick up a tie, put it on the shoulders of a man to carry it into the railroad car and drop his load. The carriers took turns with the ties up and back, 'round and 'round, they'd go. Two days of this action was more than enough for me.

All one winter I carried the mail from Winslow to Blackburn on a little bay Indian pony. I'd leave Winslow

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Winslow, Ark.

about noon, go to Blackburn and back by a different route, returning to Winslow as near five o'clock as possible. The mail consisted of one locked saddlebag and a bag of mail for distribution along the route. It was not a difficult task except for the weather. As you know, there is a tradition "The mail must go through." That little bay and I took it through rain, hail, sleet, snow, as well as mild weather. I

owned a big, yellow slicker that covered us from head to hoof, just about! Nothing stopped us! The job paid $1.00 a day.

I tried the roof painting business. I'd look over the roof, set a price, and invariably won the job. It was a messy business that nobody wanted to do. The owner of the building would furnish the paint, and I'd hire a boy to help me smear it on.

One time I was a drummer. I answered an ad, received a bunch of cider samples and took off. First to Woolsey on my bike, stopped at Brentwood but no sale. At Woolsey I sold a barrel of cider, I made $4.00 on my only sale!

I had for some time wanted a business for myself, to be on my own, so to speak. When Voley Yerton suggested I try the pressing business using a corner of his barber shop, I jumped at the chance. I gathered up a used kitchen table. Butch (that's what everybody called Voley) helped me pad and cover it with heavy duck. Uncle Dyce fixed me a pressing buck, also padded. Adding a two-burner kerosene stove and three old second hand tailor gooses, I was set up. It wasn't hard to get established, for most all men patronized a barber shop, not just for hair cuts but also for shaves. Safety razors were seldom used. In no time, I had all I could handle. I even got a pair of pants for my customers to put on while I pressed those they were wearing. Although it was winter, the slack season, I was getting so much business I didn't have enough room there in the shop. So I rented a building owned by Aunt Sib Kelton, across town from the bank.

I added extra equipment by way of clothes racks and hangers, a monkey stove for heating my irons, which also served to heat the place. The following winter, with a bunch of suit samples, I sold tailor-made clothes. Another service was acting as an agency for a Fort Smith laundry. That laundry business was a good thing in itself. Lots of weeks during the summer the gross would run $100, and I

Bob's Cafe, Highway 71, Winslow, AR, sometimes referred to as the "Joint on the Mountain" shows his first neon sign put up by W.D. Mitchell Sign Co., Dec. 22, 1936. Interior photo of cafe pictures Mabel and Bob with their two children, May Anne and Robert Nott taken 1940.

got 25%. R. L. Maddox, Tailor, was my establishment.

I rented a room over the bank, across the street from my shop, obtained a bed and other essentials for a batching outfit, and moved in. I learned a lot of things the hard way in my cleaning shop, including how to get along with people. For instance, there was a high-stepping, self-sufficient, well-dressed fellow who was manager of Mountain Lodge Summer Resort. He brought in a pair of trousers to be cleaned and pressed, with a five dollar bill in the watch pocket. When I offered it back, he blew his top, said that it was an insult to say that he was so careless. I apologized and kept the five. On another occasion a prosperous local merchant brought me ten suits of clothes, leaving over five hundred dollars in one coat pocket, just wadded up and crammed in. When I took it back to him, he exclaimed I was the biggest fool he'd ever seen, that I should have kept it, that he would never had missed it. He took the money, though--didn't even say "Thank you", much less offer a reward.

As for cleaning. there was only four kinds of material used then, cotton, wool, flax or linen, and silk. Each one had to be handled with slight difference when treating them. After paying for a few garments that I had ruined, I learned what not to do with certain materials. One I will never forget was a silk dress belonging to a Winslow girl. She had gotten raw egg all over it. I worked on that dress for three weeks without reducing the rotten egg smell. I finally gave up and paid for the dress. I paid for things I damaged, and so kept my customers' respect. *To Be Continued*

QUERIES

Clara Risley, Rt. 1 Box 177A, Lincoln, AR 72744, (501) 824-3442, is researching the **JOHN D. LITTLE** family, born 1823 in Washington County, died in 1853. Married Permelia. John had a daughter Keziah E. Little (b. 1853). I am hunting the John Little family record. John died in 1853. I have a book on the Littles to sell for $10.00 each.

He was James Little family. I have a book on James Little and Nancy Gentry. She died and he married Elizabeth Franklin. Hunting the John Little family I found their name on the court records. John had brothers and sisters. I have their records. I don't know about his daughter--who she married. I think John was buried at Summers, Arkansas, on the James Little Place. If you find any about them please let me know.

We have an annual family reunion the last Sunday in July. This year it is July 29, 1990. You are invited. We have the books for sale about the **LITTLE, KIRK,** and **SNODGRASS** families. The James family is in it. I won't make any more books. I am hunting the John Little family.

WASHINGTON COUNTY RECORDS INVENTORY

This valuable book for the serious researcher is a truly bargain rate. Anthony J. Wappel, on April 2, 1990, completed an 8 1/2 x 11" booklet of some 92 pages listing the Washington County records inventory. The author calls it an update of the 1937 WPA Historical Records Survey. A copy of that survey is in the Special Collections Department of the University of Arkansas Library.

Mr. Wappel prepared his inventory for County Judge Charles Johnson and the Washington County Quorom Court. He is offering the book (through our Society) for $12.00 a copy plus a $2.00 postage and handling fee.

CIRCUIT RIDERS

[The following sermon was delivered by Rev. Gerald D. Hammett to the congregation of the Bella Vista United Methodist Church at their Sesquicentennial Worship Service on October 1986. Rev. Hammett's sermon is based upon historical facts researched by Bernice Freeze, President of the Benton County [AR] Historical Society. The sermon has been shortened some from the original test. Our thanks to Mrs. Freeze and to "Goingsnake District Heritage Association" member, Gene Rankin for bringing this to our attention.]

[To the above, FLASHBACK adds "thanks" to Nancy Maxwell of Rancho Cucamonga, CA, who sent the article on to us.]

Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us also lay aside every weight, and sin which clings so closely, and let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us, praying to Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is seated at the right hand of the throne of God.

My good Brothers and Sisters of Northwest Arkansas area, I am: Gerald D. Hammett, the presiding Elder of Batesville District. The Missus and me are delighted to be here with you to celebrate our Methodist "Conference Hood," and our "Arkansas Statehood." In this Year of Our Lord 1836, I understand there are presently 50,000 souls in our state.

We bring you greetings from Bishop Thomas A. Morris and the conference recently held by him in Batesville[1]. As we were crossing Sugar Creek, coming in, we were remembering how near this place is to the Missouri border and that some of the first preaching and organization of our churches was done by Rev. Stevenson and Rev. Eli Lindsey on the Spring River circuit near Cherokee and that he and Rev. Stevenson came from Bellview, MO.

The Conference in Batesville was held in the Courthouse. We renewed acquaintances with many friends we had known back in the Carolinas and

Tennessee, including John Ross, a chief of the Cherokees. The Cherokees are hoping an Indian Mission Conference can be formed soon, and this is one of our goals. One of our meetings was temporarily broken up by a bear that came in, but the bear was killed and skinned and the carcus sent to Oil Trough where it was processed in the rendering plant and the grease sent in an oil trough down river to New Orleans. The meeting continued with further disturbance.

We came up river through Calico Rock and spent a few days at the Wolfe Home at the North Fork of the White River. I understand the work goes well in this area and that Brother John Kelly is doing well in Fayetteville. We are all indebted to Bishops Asbury, McKendree, Whatcoat, Jesse Walker and Peter Cartwright, who organized the work and gave us our Methodist heritage on this continent.[2]

You remember how Bishop Asbury rode horseback from New York to Tennessee and how he said: "What a road we have passed! The worst on the whole continent, even in the best weather." He also said: I was powerfully struck with the consideration that there were four or five thousand emigrants crossing annually from east to west. We must take care to send preachers after these people.

Brothers and sisters, we are inspired by the sacrafices of those who have given so much that we might have our heritage. We too have slept on the ground with saddles for pillows. The elements have not always been kind to us, but, this is our work, this is our life – so be it. It has been said that on cold snowy days, the only creatures stiring are crows and circuit riding Methodist preachers. If we can save one wretched soul, it's worth the efforts.

We got word in Batesville that one poor brother lost his way between Jacksonport and Batesville and was lost in the dreadful clutches of that God-forsaken "Black River Swamp." God rest his soul in peace. He was on his way

west to teach our Indian brothers about our Lord. We pray Good will raise up new workers and preachers to establish an Indian Mission Conference and proper school for our Indian brothers and sisters. here are some words I have written for the newspaper in Batesville: "O Jesus, the Cherokee save and bring them at last to thy rest, and when they shall leave the cold grave, may they then be found with the blest."

We have brothers out on the wild and lonely circuit spreading the good news. Recently I was at Crystal Hill[3], a place settled by families from Kentucky, Alabama and Tennessee who traveled down the Mississippi River, then up the Arkansas River to that area. These pioneers, the Pyeatts, Carnahans, Billingsleys, Finleys and other hardy families was led by two brothers, Jacob and James Pyeatt, accompained by James and Samuel Carnahan, young sons of Rev. John Carnahan. It was recorded that one of the first Protestant service on Arkansas soil was preached at the home of Jacob Pyeatt in 1813 by Rev. John Carnahan. We are following the frontier. We circuit riders preach once or twice every day; riding 20 or 30 miles a day by horseback; there are no bridges; there are very few ferryboats; the wagon loads are not plain. It takes us at least four months to make our circuit. We have no pastorates; no salaries; no earthly homes; it is not uncommon to sleep on the ground with our saddles for a pillow. One of the expressions: If the weather is terrible out tonight, if the wind is blowing and raining, someone would say it's a terrible night out and there's no one out but the crows and the circuit riding preachers. We preach in floorless cabins, in camp meetings, under brush arbors. Our labors are day and night that some poor sinner might be saved. Brothers and Sisters, George Whitfield said: "Oh, the Righteousness of Jesus Christ! I must be excused if I meantion it in almost all my sermons!" Amen.[4]

Notes

[1]*Thomas Asbury Morris*, a Methodist bishop, organized the Batesville

First United Methodist Church in 1836. he was probably named after Francis Asbury.

[2]*Francis Asbury* (1745 - 1816) was a pioneer Methodist preacher and bishop. *William McKendree* (1757 - 1835) was the first American-born Methodist bishop. *Richard Whatcoat* (1736 - 1806) came to America at the request of John Wesley to organize American Methodists and became a traveling companion of Bishop Asbury on Episcopal tours. *Peter Cartwright* (1785 - 1872) became a traveling preacher in 1803 and was one of the most celebrated frontier clergymen.

[3]*Crystal Hill* was an early-day settlement up river from Little Rock. Most of its inhabitants moved to the Cane Hill area in Washington County, AR.

[4]*George Whitfield* was the son of a tavern keeper who became an evangelist.

AHNENTAFEL CHARTS

On our charts, the submitter is No. 1. Double the number to find the father, No. 2. Add one to the father's number and this will be the mother, No. 3. Continue to do this for each generation.

FLASHBACK is continuing the publication of "Ahnentafel" charts. It is hoped that each additional feature will prompt enthusiasts to recruit new members into the Society.

Compiled 16 Mar 1990 by Carolyn Ann Davis Brown, 222 South Vann Street, Pryor, OK 74361

1. Carolyn Ann DAVIS, b 7 Aug 1939, OK City, OK; m Wayne Thomas BROWN. 1 Feb 1959
2. Carl Linden DAVIS, b 18 June 1910, Francis, OK; m 3 Jun 1932
3. Billye Irene WAGNER, b 24 Jun 1914, Castle, OK
4. Roy Hugh DAVIS, b 11 May 1883, Lincoln, Washington Co., AR; m 5 Nov 1904; d 5 Dec 1974 Brentwood, CA

5. Corrine Dean THORNBURG, b 30 Sep 1879, Monteague Co.?, TX; d 17 Oct 1918 Stuart, OK
6. John Emory WAGNER, b 30 Sep 1890, Mountainburg, Crawford Co., AR, m 14 Aug 1913; d 30 Jan 1936 OK City, OK
7. Arrie Elizabeth GENTRY, b 10 Apr 1896; d 10 Jan 1950, Monohans, TX
8. Alexander Blair DAVIS, b 13 May 1856, Tazewell Co., IL; m 11 Aug 1878; d 7 Feb 1895, Wagoner Co., IT
9. Edie Emmaline YEAGER, b 10 Nov 1859, Lincoln, Washington Co., AR; d 6 Mar 1940, Brentwood, CA
10. George W. THORNBURG, b Aug 1847 IL
11. Jennetta WALLER, b Mar 1854, IL; d 1906, Wagoner Co, IT
12. Henry Madison WAGNER, b 14 Jan 1867; Mountainburg, Crawford Co., AR; m 14 Sep 1886; d 28 Oct 1917, Okemah, OK
13. Mary Ellen TEAGUE, b 5 Nov 1867, Crawford Co., AR; d 4 Jun 1952, Okemah, OK
14. William Christopher GENTRY, b 30 Nov 1855, (Chattanooga?) TN; m 28 Oct 1874; d 17 Jan 1917, Crawford Co., AR
15. Sarah Jane JACKSON, b 24 Mar 1855, TX; d 24 Dec 1932, Crawford Co., AR
16. Alexander S. DAVIS
17. Deborah S. PURVIANCE
18. Solomon N. YEAGER
19. Elmira (Miry) J. MITCHELL
24. Murray E. WAGNER
25. Lavinia (Viney) COUCH
26. Lorenzo D. TEAGUE
27. Dicie Jane RAGSDALE
28. John GENTRY

29. Ellen WOOD
30. Henry L. JACKSON
31. Mary Ellen PRESLEY

Compiled 14 May 1990 by Modena June Wilkinson Teffeteller, 26028 Fountain Palm Drive, Homeland, CA 92348

1. Modena June WILKINSON, b 20 Nov 1919, Independence, KS; m 5 Aug 1939 Amsey Benford Teffeteller
2. George Franklin WILKINSON, b 20 Mar 1892, Charlesmix Co., SD; m 15 May 1918; d 5 Mar 1981, Santa Paula, CA
3. Lena May GIST, b 22 May 1896, Bolivar, MO; di 3 Feb 1985
4. Edward William Charnock WILKINSON, b 26 Jun 1854, Cincinnati, OH; m 10 Feb 1877; d 25 Mar 1923, Bolivar, MO
5. Rachel Anna PORTER, b 30 Apr 1859, Carlisle, IA; d 24 Aug 1928, Bolivar, MO
6. William Ira GIST, b 10 Dec 1860, Fayetteville, Washington Co., AR; m 25 Dec 1886; d 18 Aug 1930 Bolivar, MO
7. Emma Dean MENEFEE, b 5 Jun 1867, Bolivar, MO; d 24 Dec 1951, Springfield, MO; buried Bolivar, MO
8. Edward T. WILKINSON, b East India; m 15 Feb 1853
9. Mary Anne Charnock, b 1826, Wheeling, WV
10. James PORTER, b 22 Feb 1827, Ohio; m 15 Feb 1853
11. Sintha HARRIS, b 1 Feb 1828, IL; d 6 May 1906, Oakland, CA
12. Charles W. GIST, b 1827, IL; m 30 Dec 1852; d 1910 Wheatland, MO
13. Elizabeth Jane GLAZEBROOK, b 1835 TN; d 1860, Fayetteville, AR

14. Capt. Richard W. MENEFEE, b 31 Oct 1815 KY; m 23 Apr 1865 (3rd marriage); d 22 Mar 1886, Bolivar, MO
15. Mary BRINK
18. William CHARNOCK
19. Nancy
22. William HARRIS
23. Sintha TEMPEY
24. Andrew GIST
25. Elizabeth SMITH
26. John R. GLAZEBROOK

Compliled by Sandra Lewis, 1225 Gardengate, Garland, TX 75043

1. Clyde Clinton LEWIS, b 5 Apr 1947, Sweetwater, Nolan Co., TX; m 12 Jul 1969, Grand Prairie, Dallas Co., TX to Sandra Lee LAFON
2. James Clinton LEWIS, b 7 Jun 1926, Roscoe, Nolan Co., TX; m 1 Jun 1946
3. Kathleen Kirby STEVENS, b 25 Jun 1929
4. Moses Clinton LEWIS, b 10 Jan 1899, Seagoville, Dallas Co., TX; m 4 Nov 1917 at Seagoville, Dallas Co., TX; d 22 Oct 1968, Sweetwater, Nolan Co., TX
5. Annie Margurite THOMAS, b 14 Sep 1901, LA; d 17 Jul 1979, Sweetwater, Nolan Co., TX
6. Clyde Emmett STEVENS, b 15 Mar 1907, Whitsborough, TX; m 20 Jul 1928, Love Co., OK; d 4 Jul 1934
7. Bethel Jewel JOHNSON, b 31 Aug 1907, Indian Terr., Love, OK; d 5 Sep 1949, Sweetwater, Nolan Co., TX
8. Jacob Mills LEWIS, b 4 Dec 1864, Washington Co., AR; m 8 Aug 1886, Washington Co., AR; d 1 Feb 1946, Sweetwater, Nolan Co., TX

9. Sarah Wilmerth ROBBINS, b 1 Jan 1870, Sulpher City, AR; d 11 Jul 1950, Sweetwater, Nolan Co., TX
10. John Edwin THOMAS, b 24 Apr 1877, Pike Co., MS; m 31 Jan 1900, Sherman, TX; d 31 Jan 1941, Fort Worth, Tarrant Co., TX
11. Delia MALONE, b 22 Nov 1885; d 29 Oct 1960
12. Joseph Wilson STEVENS, b 6 Mar 1868, Boone Co., MO; m 25 Oct 1891, Leon, Love Co., IT; d 4 Oct 1953
13. Emma Magnolia BEARD, b 10 Aug 1874, Macon, Bibb Co., GA; d 8 Oct 1953
16. Moses Daniel LEWIS, b 22 Nov 1832, Floyd, KY; m 28 Sep 1854, Washington Co., AR; d 29 Dec 1915, Elkins, Washington Co., AR
17. Narcissa Jane ROBERSON, b 9 Apr 1836, Hawkins Co., TN; d 3 Jan 1882
18. George Robbins, B 29 Mar 1833, AR; m c1856; d 20 Oct 1917
19. Nancy E. LEWIS, 22 Oct 1832 KY; d 6 May 1921
32. Bracken LEWIS, b 19 Dec 1801, Orange Co., NC; m 23 Dec 1819, Floyd Co., KY; d 15 Feb 1891, Washington Co., AR
33. Matilda PRESTON, b 1803, Bedford Co., VA; d 1881-1883, Washington Co., AR
34. John Roberson
35. Priscilla (unknown)
38. Hugh LEWIS
64. Zachariah LEWIS, b c1776, Orange Co., NC; m 18 Jul 1796, Orange Co., NC; d c1802, Orange Co., NC
65. Rachel BRACKEN, b 1778; d before 1850
66. Nathan PRESTON, b 1761, Bedford Co., VA; m Aug 1780, Bedford Co., VA
67. Elizabeth VAUGHAN, b c1760

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor Keith:

Genealogy is not only addicting, but proves, once again, we really do live in a "*small world*". Many of my ancestors came from Washington Co., and I have visited as a child. What a shock to me when the family chart in the latest issue was that of my best friend in college! Not only did I know Kathy CRAWFORD, but according to the 1860 census, my Great Grandmother, Mary Stout, lived next to her direct ancestor, Burwell Cox in Canehill. And my Great Grandmother's brother, William married her direct ancestor's child, Nancy Pyeatte.

Part of the fun of this crazy hobby is the daydreaming that goes on about what my "*Greats*" lives were like! It is truly amazing to think that my Great Grandmother and her family were neighbors to Kathy's in this small town, supporting one another in times of joy and crisis, while 103 years later, 1963 to be exact, Kathy and I were new found friends at Long Beach City College in California. We even shared the measles, after a slumber party!

Thanks for the wonderful articles and hours of enjoyment.

Sincerely,
Sandy Hines
3630 Bluebell St.
Seal Beach, CA. 90740

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Flashback

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY